



HER NEW PROTECTOR.



WHAT WAS LACKING.

PETE.—I heah yo' 's bin admitted to full communion wif de Fust Baptist Chu'ch?

ABE (*sadly*).—Well, no; not exac'y;—dey won't let me take up de collection yit.

LIGHTNING DOES N'T strike twice in the same place, which may lead eventually to Ohio having to be enlarged.

THEIR DUTY DONE.

"Well," remarked the First Word, "I guess we can now resume our Rip Van Winkle-like slumbers."

"I suppose so," rejoined the Second Word, yawning; "we 'll hardly take any part in petty uprisings. It's a long time between wars, is n't it?"

Then both words—"Armistice" and "Protocol"—forthwith laid them down to sleep.

THEIR OWN MEASURE.

HIRAM.—The demonetization of silver was a Republican measure and it's ruined the country. I've had a mortgage on my farm ever since '73, and it keeps on gettin' bigger all the time.

SILAS.—Yes; but your neighbors all seem to be out of debt and makin' money.

HIRAM.—That's true; but every dinged one of them is a Republican!

UNREASONABLE EXPECTATIONS.

"They say Cholly's father is greatly disappointed in him."

"Yes; but he expected too much. He thought Cholly might be able, some day, to earn his board and clothes."

THE PROPER WAY.

LITTLE MIKE (*in the midst of his reading*).—Feyther, how d' yez pronounce l-l-o-i-l-o?"

McLUBBERTY.—Pronounce ut? Begorra! did yez niver hear a tur-r-r-key gobble?

THE LATEST.

"That's a new one out at Billy's cigar-shop."

"What is it?"

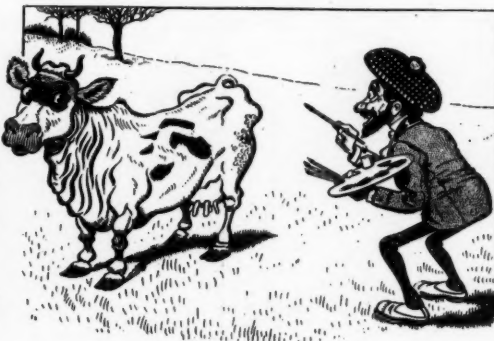
"Why, a wooden Filipino instead of a wooden Indian!"

THE MATCHES that are made in heaven do not include many of those made by the girl's parents.

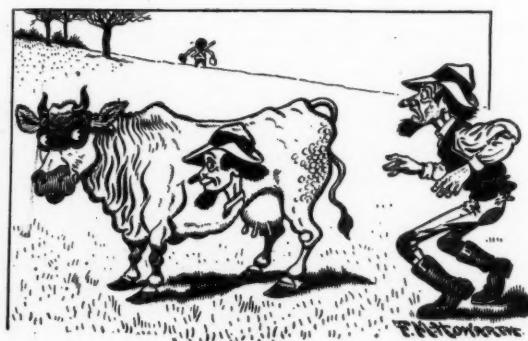
AN OFFER ACCEPTED.



FARMER HARDACRE.—(*after annoying the artist for an hour*).—An' neow I'm goin' up to th' barn. Ye kin paint that cow, if ye want. She's a nice, gentle creature.



D'AUBER.—Confound his talk! I could hardly do that picture! Paint his cow, can I? Well, I'll paint it! She is marked beautifully; but I can make her more pictorial.



!!!—???—!!!

PUCK.

Dan Cupids Penance

DAN CUPID once, in penitential mood
As Lent drew near, impelled by Conscience's pricks,
Resolved to try his turn at being good,
And issued cards—"At home, from four till six."

His guests came flocking at his royal call,
And dimpled cupids, dressed in smiles and wings,
Served tea, ambrosial nectar, to them all,
With heart-shaped sandwiches and more good things.

When all were served, Dan Cupid took the floor:
"My friends, before you leave me to go home
Some trite advice I'm going to give once more,
And each a gift, for use in time to come.

"There's many a one of you—I'll give no name—
Who owes to me a husband or a wife;
Some, being happy, bless me; some—for all are not the same—
Blame me for their unhappy married life.

"My conscience vexed me sore, for those whom Fate,
Perhaps through me, has treated most unkind;
But here's a remedy, e'en though it seems too late,
A sovereign cure and panacea you'll find.

"You know, Love should be blind," he archly said, and passed
A kerchief, neatly folded, to each guest;
"When matrimonial seas are rough, with teary clouds o'ercast,
Bind this on both fault-finding eyes; then, being sightless,—
let Love do the rest."

Maeie Virginia Caruthers.



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEPLER & SCHW

THE OLD MAN'S REMEDY.

"M KINDER afraid my son, William Henry, needs a course of blood medicine," said Farmer Hawbuck, a trifle apprehensively. "Ever since he got back from the Academy, over at Pettyville, last week, he has 'peared to be sorter out of fix. He wants to sleep late in the mornin', and laze around all day readin' romantic books. He growls and frets at everything, eats with his fork exclusively, wears a collar all day long and three inches high, parts his hair in the middle and won't have it cut, and makes sarcastic remarks about the

way everything in this world is bein' managed. Nothin' suits him, and he 'pears to believe that he could run everything better than it is bein' run at present. To-day he was wonderin' if life was really worth the livin', and when I asked him what in tarnation was the matter with him he snapped my head off with the reply that he had an attack of pessimism. Don't you think a course of treatment with roots, herbs and bark would do him good, Eli?"

"Yuss; 'specially the bark!" replied shrewd, old Farmer Gitup, promptly. "Git you a good long hick-'ry limb, Jason, or suv'ral of 'em, and be sure to leave the bark on. Then ketch that 'ere pessimistic son of your'n by the surplus scurf of his neck, wrop the gad around him till you heat him up good and hot with it and make him dance like a jumpin'-jack and beller like a lost calf,

and repeat the dose every day till a cure is effected or you wear him clear out—under the circumstances, it don't matter much which happens. You hain't got no valid excuse for lettin' the young feller continner to suffer from pessimism as long as there is a forest on three sides of your farm, full of medicine for that kind of a complaint."

Tom P. Morgan.

CLOSE TO IT.

TEACHER.—What's the feminine of "nobleman?"
BRIGHT PUPIL.—Heiress!

FLOORED.

DUGGAN.—Me son Leo kin talk Lathin loike a native.

DEEGAN.—Av phwere?

DUGGAN.—Phwy, av Latte—er—dommed av Oi know!

REVISED.

I want to be an angel,
But not till by-and-by;
I want to be an angel,
But I'll wait until I die.

HE EXPLAINS HIS OBJECT.

CUSTOMER.—I want to get a dog-collar; something handsome and showy.

DEALER.—Will this one do?

CUSTOMER.—No; I'd like something more expensive than that. You see, it's my wife's dog, and I'd like to get someone to steal it.



NATURAL DISADVANTAGES.

THE PORCUPINE.—Athletics may be all very fine; but how the deuce am I going to get this sweater off?

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEPLER & SCHWARZMAHN

LOCAL ITEMS FROM THE LONELYVILLE WEEKLY RECORD.

"R. JAMIESON who is a member of the S. P. C. A., is putting mosquito netting in his new chicken house.

Si Dusnap was asphyxiated Thursday night, while stopping with some friends, at a New York hotel.

The Lonelyville Commuters will play the Lonelyville Chinwhiskers, Saturday. The Chinwhiskers will play the Pumpkin-dusters on Decoration Day.

The Lonelyville Euchre Club will give a progressive euchre party tomorrow night in the smoking-car of the Five-nineteen Local.

Friends will be pained to learn that Mr. Jason Bertwhistle fell down the cellar stairs of his cottage, on lovely Swampview Avenue, night before last, and was drowned.

There is a Special Delivery letter for Hi Wortendyke at the post-office, which he can have upon calling for it.

Mr. Perkins, who was returning from a theatre party in New York, sprained his ankle jumping from the Midnight Through Freight, Friday. There is talk of a petition to the railroad company that the Midnight Through Freight will stop hereafter at Lonelyville; so that Lonelyville may have a "theatre train," like other suburbs.

Conductor Reverend Van Dusen, of the Four-forty Local, will preach, D. V., in the chapel, Sunday; when a collection will be taken up to meet the next easy monthly payment to the Lonelyville Building Loan Association on the chapel.

The New York *Sunday Hustler* of last Sunday contained a speaking likeness of Lonelyville's prominent and influential inhabitant, Mr. Jacob Beezley, in connection with a patent medicine advertisement.

Con. C. Converse.

THERE ARE yachts and bonds galore for the man who will invent an acid that will successfully test the average golden opportunity.



ADVICE.

THE SPORT.—So yer dropped some money on de Milwaukee Chicken, did yer?

THE CHAPPIE.—Well, I saw him box and I thought he 'd win.

THE SPORT.—Well, de nex' time, you jes' ask somebody dat knows, an' don't try to do any t'inkin'!



THE THING MOST NEEDED.

SHE.—I hear he has more money than brains.

HE.—Well, he needs it in his business.

SHE.—What 's his business?

HE.—Looking for a wife.

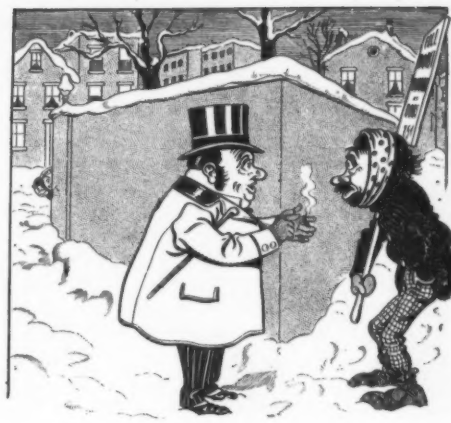
A FRIEND IN NEED.



I.
MR. BRIGHTILE.—Confound it all! There's a lot of boys around that corner with snowballs and just itching for a mark like this new eight dollar hat! What shall I do?



II.
—“Ah! here is an idea! I'll speak to this sign bearer.”



III.
—“Now you understand what I want! Follow my instructions and I'll give you a quarter!”

THIS GREAT WORLD.

(Extracts from the “Universal News” column of the “Beanville Blower.”)

WASHINGTON, FEB. 6.—The ratification of the Peace Treaty with Spain took place to-day in the Capitol, the building where Ben Morgan, son of Beanville's genial liveryman, worked as a page for two years.

MANILA, FEB. 4.—George Dewey, whose second cousin recently married into the family of the wife of Beanville's popular storekeeper, Seth Green, assisted in the operations against the Filipinos here to-day.

NEW YORK, FEB. 3.—Chauncey M. Depew, whose railroad paid Dan Driscoll seventy-five dollars for the cow he lost in collision with an express last Summer, has been appointed a Senator from New York.

HAVANA, FEB. 15.—A better condition of affairs is rapidly being restored in this city, where Beanville's uniformly courteous station-master's son Frank is at present quartered with the Immunes.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 11.—The Eagan court martial was concluded here last week. Art. Hallo-way, formerly of Beanville, was one of the stenographers employed.

LONDON, FEB. 15.—A report has reached here that the friends of Dreyfus are unusually active. They hope to have him returned to Paris, the city where Selectman Bassett says he means to visit with his girls next Summer.

PONCE, FEB. 13.—The United States mail service is now quite satisfactorily established here. Steve Stiggins, widow Stiggins's boy, who has gone to Porto Rico, reports that he receives his *Beanville Blower* regularly every week.

ITHACA, FEB. 10.—Jacob G. Shurman, president of the college where Deacon Stebbins sent his son Will, has been appointed on the Philippine Commission.

STOCKHOLM, FEB. 12.—It is reported that at a small town in Siberia several peasants recently discovered what is thought to be the remains of Andrée's balloon. All Beanvillers who saw the balloon ascension at the Bangtown county fair last Fall will read this with interest.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 1.—William McKinley, who appointed Hi Stone, Beanville's ever handsome and popular postmaster, was reported slightly ill last month.

Larkin G. Mead.

QUITE SATISFACTORY.

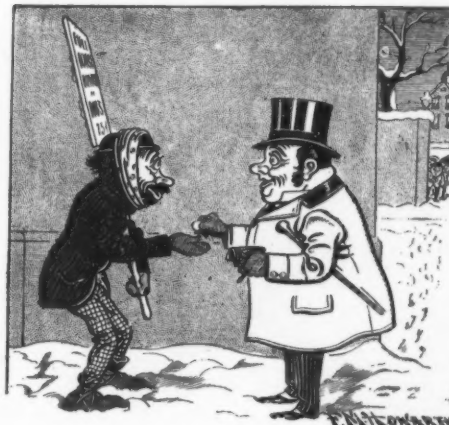
“Sale!” exclaimed the faded little woman, animatedly. “Why, they sold grip cure at eight cents a gallon, and I overheated myself in the rush and took such a cold that I used the medicine all up inside of a week!”



IV.
THE BOYS.—Now, here he comes, fellers! Don't let one ball miss! Yer don't git such a shinin' mark every day!



V.
MR. BRIGHTILE.—Close up!



VI.
—“Very well done, indeed! I'll look for you the next snow! It is not often twenty-five cents will save eight dollars!”



HE MISSED HIS CHANCE.

TRAMP.—Yes, Mum; I ain't got nuthin' ter hide from the world. I've been in jail ninety times at ninety differen' places!
MISS TENDERART.—Oh! did you have a camera with you?
TRAMP.—No; I never had none!
MISS TENDERART.—Oh! what a pity! If you had had one, you might soon take a new start by writing a series of articles for the *Ladies' Own Journal*, entitled “The Inside of a Hundred Jails.”

THE THEOSOPHIST.



HERE IS some fokes go to churches 'coz they like to sing
and pray,
An' there 's some that mek the Sunday just a jolly holiday;
An' there 's some that 's like our school-marm that their
konshuns will not let
Neether go to church nor picknic wi' the comun ornar set;
But they stop to home peroosin' volyums full o' seprit lore,
An' they parse into the wurd unseen throwout a privit dore.
An' there 's people cal'd Myhatmans that their soles do telk
in charge,

An' barin' up into the sun their meantul i enlarge;
For, the comun i keps blinkin' when a-lookin' at the sun;
But when Myhatmans help you then the thing is ezy done.
Which the same Myhatmans 'er a most uncomun lot o' men,
A cat pozzess nine lives, but Myhatmans must hev ten;
An' they kep ubsorbin' nolluj till their hair has all fell out,
An' there 's nuthin' in Cryashun that they do not know about.
Which they live in far-off Indya upon a seprit hill,
An' of lowcuss an' wild honey they do mostly tek their fill;
An' some visut them in sperrit, but by stemer very few,
For the fokes is gone to hevin that their hidin' places knew.
But throu' the seprit volyums some their nolluj vast can share,
An' rite it down in parrybills to peeple ev'rywhere,
A-sayin' how our soles is fire an' burn just for a day;
Bein' lited at the sun agen, they onct more blaze away.
Trancemygrashin happens too; an' fokes that onct was ded
Er goin' pert and lively now forgettin' what they sed
An' did a thousan' years ago; but in their i is seen
As plane 's can be, by eggspurts, what their nachure past has been.
An' our :oles is gettin' briter, or else they 're gettin' dim,
An' when a man gets awful bad the Lord puts out his glim;
An' when you do an ackshun bad, then lower goes your gas;
But when you do like Washington, your sole is brite as glass.
An' school-marm sez the eggspurts do to vetchitables stick
'Coz soles is flyin' ivrywhere throwout the wurd so thick
That they sometimes crepe in turkis, an' er sometimes found in beef;
Which it 's wicket to kill animals, a-holdin' that beleef.
But Mar dose n't like that sort o' talk, an' very savij looks
An' sez she niver hed no taste for squirmy tails o' spooks.

ORGANIZATION.

"I'm g-g-going right home to Mama! Boo, hoo!"
"My darling wife, what has happened?"
"M-Mr. Jones w-won't buy Mrs. J-J-Jones the Spring-
b-bonnet she wants, and the W-Wives Union has ordered us
all out! Oh! I'm so unhappy! Boo, hoo!"

ONE TROUBLE with pronounced views is that they are
apt to be too frequently pronounced.



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEFFLER & SCHWARTZMAN.

HIS BEST AND ONLY TERMS.

COHENSTEIN.—My best terms to you, Abrahams, for dose goots
would be fife hundert tollars, ten per cent. off for gash, or —
ABRAHAMS.—Or sixty days?
COHENSTEIN.—No; or leafe dem!



THE USUAL WAY.

GASLETON.—Her husband claims to have perfect control over her!
GRIMSHAW.—Yes? suppose he can make her do anything she chooses?

AN EXPENSIVE WAY.

JUDDOCK.—It's a mystery to me how Nocoin lives.
HADDOCK.—Would you really like to know?
JUDDOCK.—Yes, I would.
HADDOCK.—Open a grocery-store in his neighborhood.

A CENTURY'S PROGRESS.

ORATOR (at dinner of Basswoods Corners Chamber of
Commerce).—Yes, sir; as we look back over the last
hundred years we wonder how our forefathers was ever
able ter git along without some of the things that we
regard as necessities. The century has brought us lots of
things that we'd never know how ter git along without.

EDITOR BASSWOOD CORNERS HUSTLER.—That 's
true! A hundred years ago the Hustler had never been
dreamed of!



PLEASED.

YOUNG TUTTER.—I've brought you two pounds of candy.
MISS PINKERLY.—Oh, thanks! I'm so glad you came, Mr. Tutter!

MOST MARRIED theologians agree that it was only the core of the apple
which Eve gave to Adam.

GUARD YOUR reputation carefully. When people "would n't have
thought it," it is somewhat of a mitigating circumstance."



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, March 15, 1899.—No. 1149.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—The contents of PUCK are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain. Infringement of this copyright will be promptly and vigorously prosecuted.

PUCK'S Illustrations can be found only in PUCK'S Publications.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

OUR NEW DUTIES. As we have pointed out heretofore, the problems of Expansion are by no means few. Aguinaldo is one, of course, and so is Senator Hoar; and then there are others with less impressive fronts, but in reality quite as difficult of solution. There is the matter of dress in our tropical acquisitions. Of course we can't dress up the Filipinos properly until we have finished dressing them down; but we are pleased to note that the authorities are already abating a most grievous sartorial abuse in the island of Porto Rico. It has been the distressing custom there, it appears, for young people up to the age of five or six to appear in public insufficiently clad. In fact, one could frequently observe, it is said, a Porto Rican, three or four years old, and of otherwise unblemished character, going brazenly about with nothing whatever on. Of course this menace to public morals was not to be tolerated; yet we must hope that the Administration will deal leniently with offenders at first, because of the long-established custom of juvenile undress. Another evil with which we must deal patiently is bull-fighting. Impetuous superintendents of public morality write to PUCK every day or so urging a crusade against this atrocious sport, but we counsel them to patience. Reform must come slowly. In due time, no doubt, we shall be able to substitute our own civilized foot-ball and prize-fighting for bull-fighting, especially as either of our sports kills a great many more men than the one they have so long debased themselves with. Base-ball, also, we are glad to see, is becoming popular in Cuba, the élite of Santiago having lately attended a series of games in large numbers and with huge enjoyment. But we must not try to do everything in a day.

PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN.

"Shall we have the fair captive for dinner?" asked the court chef.

"No," replied the cannibal king; "we are not as yet wholly satisfied that she has not been treated with chemical preservatives."

A PARADOX.

The things that we can not afford
Are oft, beyond a doubt,
The very blooming things we
can't
Afford to be without.

[INEXPERIENCED GOLFER (*in difficulties*). What do you do in a place like this?

SANDY.—Weel, mon, I usually swear like the de'il, I'm verra sorry to say.

IT DOES seem as if love might make the world go around without being so cranky.

IF OUR children are delicate, we have their health to worry about; if not, then their table manners.

A LUXURY is something we have to go in debt to get.

SOME MEN wake and find themselves famous; others sleep and dream they're famous.



BEFORE THEY WERE STRANDED.

FIRST ACTOR (*gloomily*).—I suppose we'll soon be footing it back to New York.

SECOND ACTOR (*philosophically*).—You did n't expect to go back in an automobile, did you?

GETTING SOBER. THE CONTINUOUS performance in France continues to range from the gloomiest tragedy to the frothiest comic opera.

The comic muse is in the ascendant at this writing. A promising *coup d'état* has flashed ingloriously in the pan. Says the Conspirator-in-Chief of the Duke of Orleans to the officer who arrests him: "Certainly, sir, I am conspiring against your Republic. It is my right and I exercise it. I am conspiring to-day; I shall be conspiring to-morrow and always, and if you wish to stop me you will have to put me in prison." He also warns all possible patrons that he has no connection with any other conspiracy establishment of the same name. Of course such desperate talk as this is calculated to draw tears from the stoniest hearted, but it hardly has force enough to shatter the walls of a Republic. And then there is Citizen Déroulède, an awful fellow who is beseeching the authorities to regard him as a public enemy and to treat him harshly, and who is much wrought up because the authorities refuse to do anything of the sort. And there is the quick-spoken populace ready to cry "*A bas!*" in the fiercest of tones to all things objectionable, so long as there are as many as fifty of them in a bunch. But it really looks at last as if, out of all this froth of hysteria, there had come an interval of sanity to the French people. How much is due to President Loubet and how much to the inevitable reaction it is not easy to say. But the fact that a man of Loubet's coolness, solidity and genuine worth has come to the top at this time is a most favorable sign. It gives excuse for hoping that our French cousins may in time learn the difference between patriotism and neurosis.

GREEK MEETS GREEK. THE ENERGETIC highwaymen of Tammany Hall could hardly have chosen a victim that would have won less sympathy from the public than the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company.

The attack upon it by Mr. Croker's organization has been shown pretty clearly to be a hold-up pure and simple, and one of the most vicious and brazenly audacious hold-ups, moreover, that has marked a career devoted almost exclusively to such ventures. But the public, instead of being wildly indignant over the assault, looks on with a rather cynical indifference. Its two arch enemies are at war. One will suffer. And the public will rejoice thereat. It matters but little to the public which is defeated. Of course it would like more trains on the Elevated, a better service, drip pans under the tracks, cleaner cars and stations, and an opportunity to ride without having to be closed up like a telescope vase; but it has no real hope of these blessings. On the other hand, it would not like to see Tammany's hold-up successful, because, in its dull, stupid way, it realizes that Tammany has already stolen itself as rich as any corporation has a right to be. Its attitude will be strictly impartial unless Tammany should go actually so far as to restrict the running of elevated trains in any degree. In that case this poor, dazed public might rise up and do something to both these parasites.

A HERO IN HIS WAY.

BROWN.—Jones has a great deal of moral courage.

JENKINS.—Has he?

BROWN.—Yes. The other night his wife thought there was a burglar in the house and Jones owned up that he would rather not meet that burglar.

A DEADLY THREAT.

BOBBY THICKNECK.—Don't come foolin' around me, or you'll git what you don't want.

JOHNNY SQUANCH.—Ho! What'll you do to me?

BOBBY THICKNECK.—I'll embalm your beef for you; that's what I'll do to you!

HIS ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

"You admit," said the Judge, severely, "that you married these two women?"

"I did," said the unabashed bigamist. "They are my better two-thirds."

OTHERWISE WISE.

"Did n't Solomon have three hundred wives?"

"Yes. He loved, not wisely, but too many."

IF WE had just had foresight enough to copyright our ideas, lots of people whom the world thinks smart would be paying us royalties.



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

MODERN MILITARY TACTICS;—OUR MA



OUR MAJOR-GENERAL AND HIS STAFF.

A PROFITABLE SESSION.

WHAT WAS accomplished, this afternoon, at the meeting of your Society for the Amelioration of the Sad Condition of the Undone and Trouserless Heathen—I believe that is its title?" facetiously inquired young Mr. Littleville, the other evening.

"Well—ah!—for one thing," replied the wife of his bosom, ignoring his little play on the august name of the missionary society of which she is an enthusiastic member, "we sat down on that horrid old Reed!"

"What Reed? Whom do you mean?"

"Why, that fat, old Bill or Jim Reed; or, may be, it is Tom Reed, the politician, or—er—er—something, you know."

"You surely don't—ha! ha!—mean the Honorable Thomas B. Reed, Speaker of the House of Representatives?"

"Ye-es; I guess that is the man. You see, a discussion arose as to whether or not the minutes of the previous meeting should be read before business could proceed, and there was a good deal of argument on both sides—not that any of the ladies cared particularly one way or the other, but all business of an organization should be conducted in a business-like way, you know, and men in their meetings always discuss everything thoroughly before voting on it; and, besides, it gave such a good chance to deliver the little speeches which almost all of us had thought up and committed to memory to say some time or other. I guess it would have been decided to read the minutes first, if it had n't been that Mrs. Chinnaway, who thinks she knows all about politics, just because her husband runs for office so often, quoted Tom Reed on the subject. Then, somebody rose and said he was a horrid, old, homely, bald-headed fat man, who snapped everybody up and acted like a tyrant, or Czar, or something; and several of the ladies jumped right up and made the motion that he did n't know what he was talking about and that we did n't care if he did, and he and his old ruling were promptly and unanimously voted down, just as they deserved to be!"

"Ah-h'm! I—ha! ha!—"

"Lyman Littleville are you laughing at me?"

"No, my dear; 'pon honor, I am not! I am—ha! ha!—laughing at—er—er—poor Tom Reed!"

"Poor? Why, he is as fat as he can be, and just as horrid and mean!"

"Oh!—er—er—no doubt of it, my dear; no doubt of it! And—h'm!—what followed?"

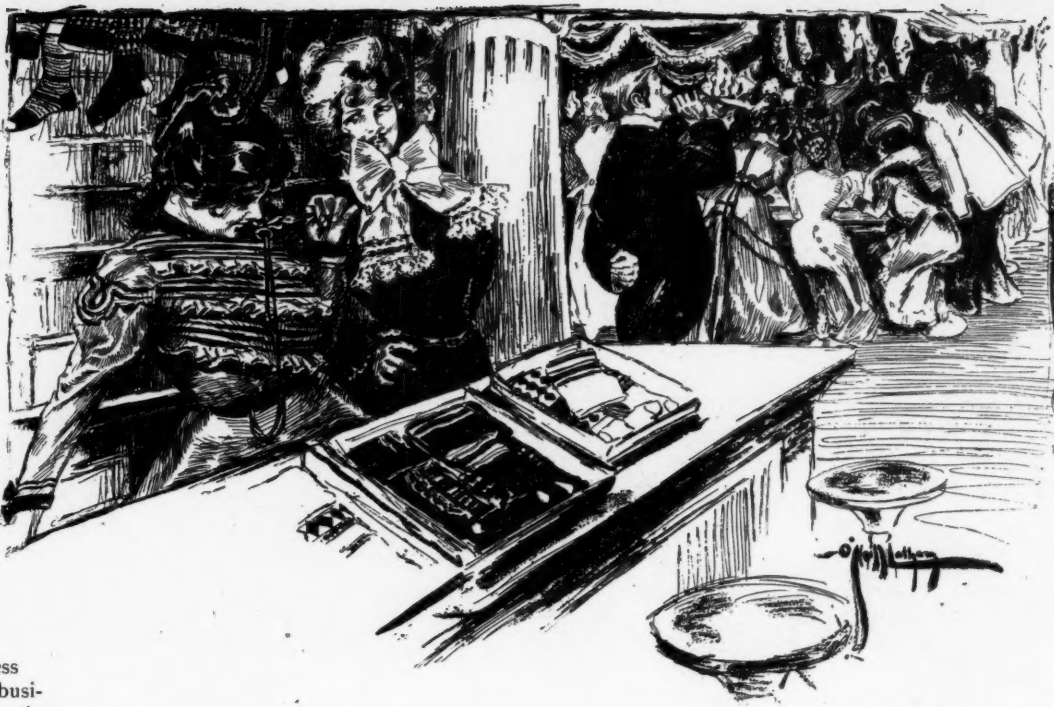
"Why, then we had a jolly social session and some refreshments, and adjourned."

Tom P. Morgan.

DOUBLE.

And Algernon a double life
Is living, say you? Ay! for
Two in number are the girls
He's said that he could die for.

THE YEAR 1900 is likely to be a period of much suffering; it is n't a leap-year, and nothing rhymes with it.



SAFE.

FIRST SALESWOMAN.—Did you know that Clara Lacey is engaged to Mr. Strutter, the floorwalker?

SECOND SALESWOMAN.—You don't say!

FIRST SALESWOMAN.—Yes; and he is awfully jealous of her. He had her transferred from the necktie counter to the bargain counter!

SECOND SALESWOMAN.—Goodness! Why the bargain counter?

FIRST SALESWOMAN.—Because no-men go there, you know!

BUT, WHICH ONE?

GIBSON.—I saw Grabber, the defaulter, in South America.

BONDS.—How's he getting along?

GIBSON.—Fine! He's 'way up in society. Told me he was n't there over a month before all the ladies in his family were Daughters of the Revolution.

UNEXTENUATED.

TRAVELER.—And you lynched the fellow?

NATIVE.—Yep!

TRAVELER.—And was there no extenuating circumstance?

NATIVE.—No; he was blacker 'n the ace o' spades!

ALMOST ALL RIGHT.

There once was a writer named Wright,
Who instructed his son to write right.
He said: "Boy, write Wright right;
It is not right to write
Wright awry; try to write Wright aright!"
Carolyn Wells.

IT MAY take a long time to teach your conscience that you can't be dictated to, but it can be done if you keep at it.

REPENTANCE is often merely turning state's evidence on oneself to escape the full measure of punishment.

THE KEEN-SCENTED REDSKIN.



I.



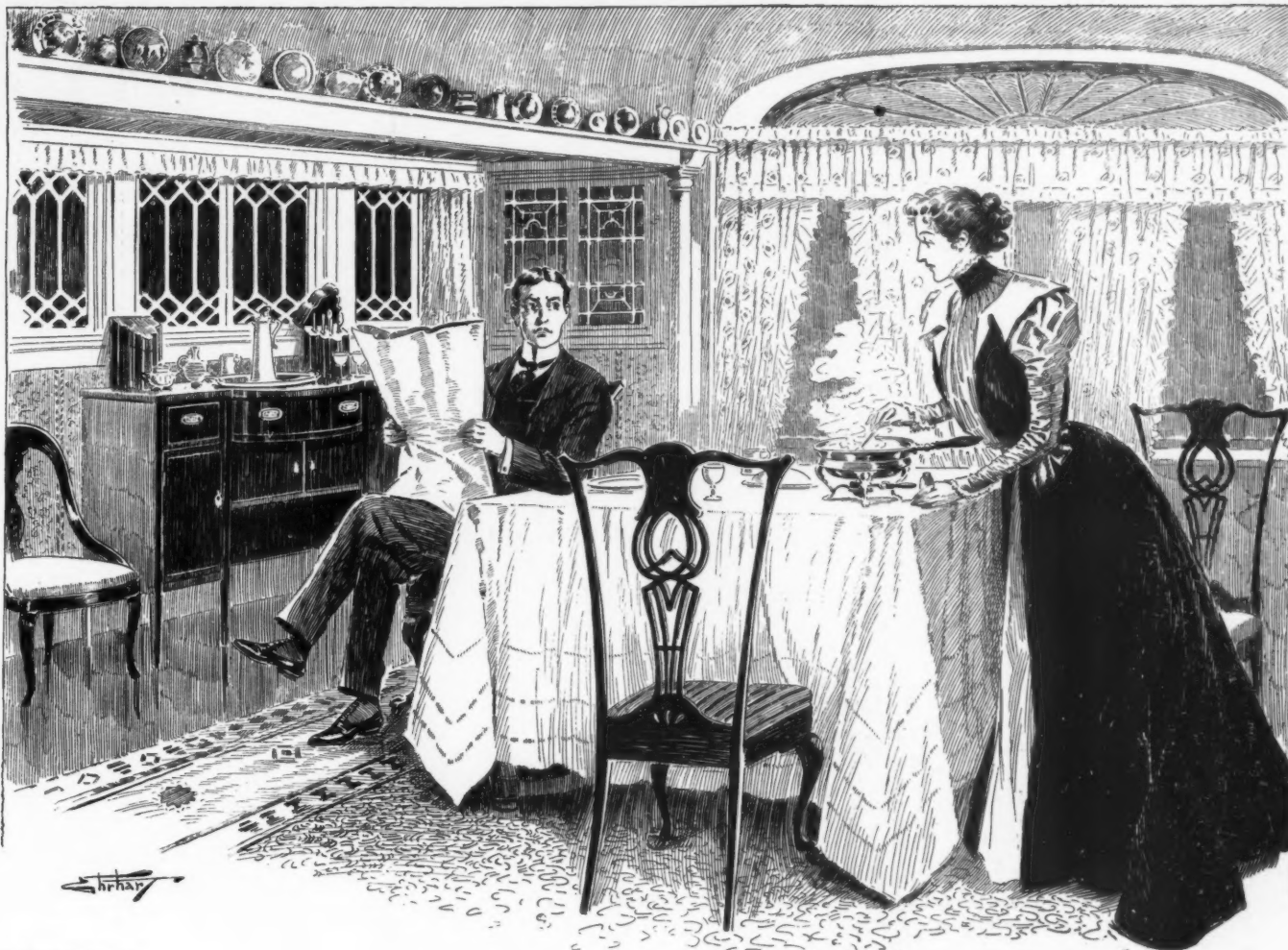
II.



III.



IV.



AN IMPLIED OPINION.

MRS. THAIR.—Why, Mrs. Robinson says she would no more be without her chafing-dish than without her piano!
BEN THAIR.—H'm! If her friends could have their way, she 'd be relieved of both!

MODERN FAIRY TALES.



ONCE UPON a time, in the Stars-and-Stripes country, a man said to himself: "I have genius! I will write a play for the stage. And the plot shall be pure, the characters cultured, refined people; not vulgar ones who fall over pins on the floor, or who show their garters by swishing their skirts. There will be no coon-songs nor cake-walks in the play, no false wives or husbands, no ruined maidens."

Then the man wrote the play and showed it to many managers, who only laughed and said: "An asylum or heaven is your home; there is no room for you on earth."

But the man persisted, and finally he found another man who could not spend all his income, and they produced the play.

At first the playgoers were shy and said: "It is a queer play; it is not slimy at all."

But they talked about it to others. And then more went to see it, and they said: "It leaves no bad taste in one's mind; we must see it again."

And they did; and more people, too, until the "Standing Room Only" sign was put up every night.

So the pure, high-principled drama was a success, and the man who wrote it was made rich, and the man who backed it was so surprised he drank himself to death.

Once a man came among a lot of children who were fighting and stealing, gambling and swearing, and doing many other sinful things. And the man said: "Don't you know all these things are wicked?"

And the children answered: "Oh, yes; we know all these things are wicked, but we rather prefer sinfulness to goodness."

And the man smiled and patted their heads, and passed on. When he had passed on, he said: "It is refreshing to find children who are not afraid to tell the truth."

TRUE.

If you should look the matter up,
You'll find that it is so:
The social scale, like music's, too,
Begins and ends with "dough."

HINTS TO THE SNOBBISH.

Don't make friends! Oh, no! — don't do it.
If you're struggling towards the top,
You may find — and have to rue it —
Friends are sometimes hard to drop.

FEET.

But my idol's feet were clay! At least,
I don't see how she stood
In shoes the size of those she wore,
If her feet were flesh and blood!

Joseph Grant Ewing.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not
confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with
one of a similar sounding name of a cheap
grade.

Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R
New York SOHMER BUILDING
Warerooms, 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

A USE FOR GREENIES.

FIRST REPORTER.—How did the
Daily Getthere obtain a report of the
Highup-Tiptop wedding? No reporters
were admitted.

SECOND REPORTER.—They sent a
new man there, and he looked so scared
that all the attendants mistook him for
the groom.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

A USELESS WISH.

"Oh!" sighed the poetic lady; "had I the wings of a bird!"
"Don't!" protested her husband. "Don't wish for the wings of a bird.
If you had them some other woman would probably be wearing them on her hat
before the season is over."—*Washington Star*.

Sozodont

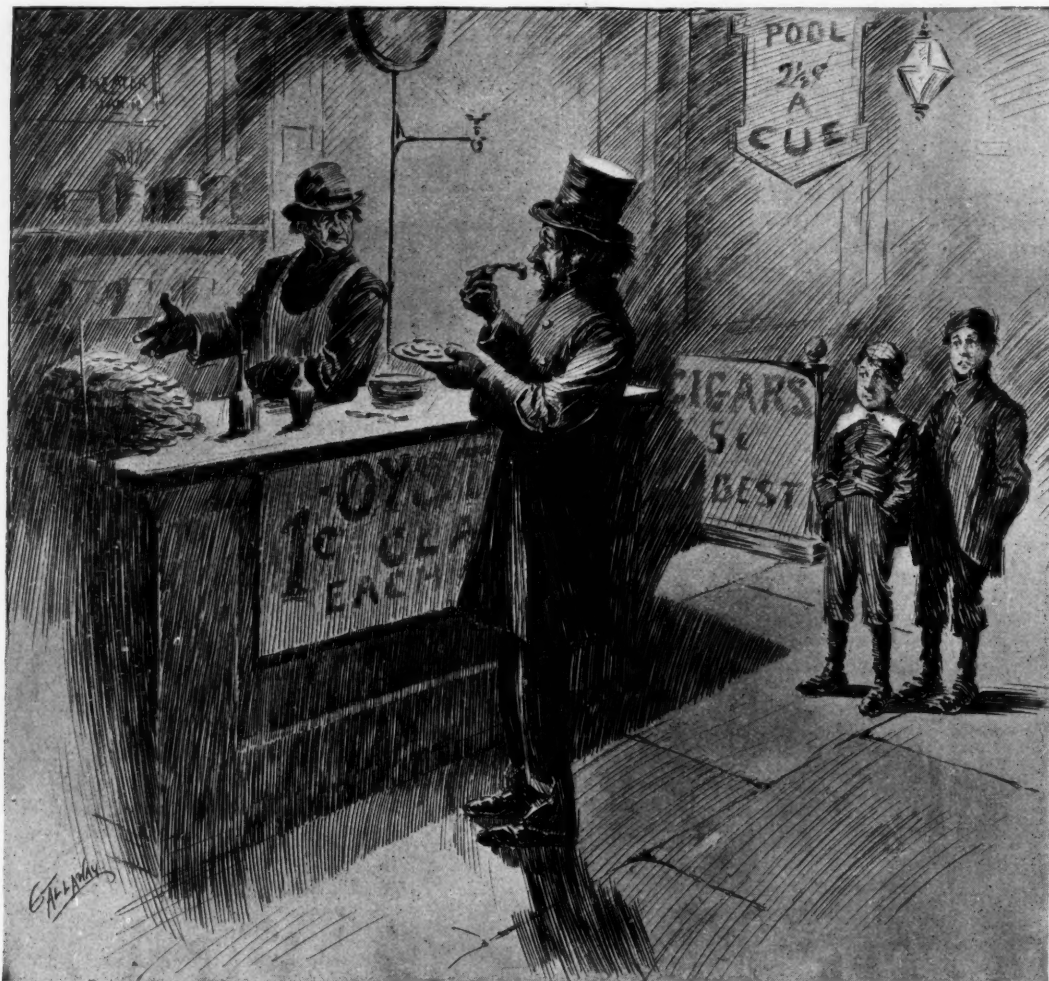
saves the teeth

A Sample Phial for the postage, three cents, if you mention this publication.
Address, P. O. Box 247, New York City.

•NEW YORK•

•HALL & RUCKEL•

•LONDON•



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEFFLER & BERNHARDSON

HE MEETS THE ATTACK.

DEALER.—Why, them oysters is the healthiest things a man kin eat!

CUSTOMER.—Oh! I like 'em, but I read an article lately by one of the leading
doctors, and he says oysters are injurious.

DEALER (with scorn).—Oysters injur'us! He must be a lobster!

CHEW
Beeman's

The
Original

**Pepsin
Gum**

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

Gold Seal
Champagne

THE FINEST PRODUCED
IN AMERICA

Also Sweet, Dry Catawba and Port Wines

For sale by
All Leading Wine
Dealers and Grocers

Urbana Wine Co.
Urbana, N. Y.



MRS. SMITHERS.—I notice in the pension list persons spoken of as original
widows. I did n't know there was such an organization.

MR. SMITHERS.—Oh, yes! An original widow is one, is one—that is, I
mean an original widow is a widow who has n't perpetrated widowhood more than
once.—*Adams Freeman*.

SYRUP OF FIGS



NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and
simplicity of the combination, but also
to the care and skill with which it is
manufactured by scientific processes
known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP
Co. only, and we wish to impress upon
all the importance of purchasing the true
and original remedy. As the genuine
Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a
knowledge of that fact will assist one in
avoiding the worthless imitations manu-
factured by other parties. The high
standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP
Co. with the medical profession, and the
satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of
Figs has given to millions of families,
makes the name of the Company a
guaranty of the excellence of its remedy.
It is far in advance of all other laxatives,
as it acts on the kidneys, liver and
bowels without irritating or weakening
them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate.
In order to get its beneficial effects, please
remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

For sale by all druggists. Price, 50 cents per bottle.



ONLY THREE.

FRIEND.—The gossips have formu-
lated a regular indictment against your
character. They say you were a ter-
rible flirt while abroad. Do you plead
guilty?

AMERICAN GIRL.—Y-e-s; to three
counts.—*New York Weekly*.

REFLECTED GREATNESS.

"Pa, what is a lineal descendant?"

"A lineal descendant is a person who
has to fall back on some praiseworthy
ancestor for his own importance."—
Detroit Free Press.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50
for a superb box of candy
by express, prepaid east of
Denver or west of New York.
Suitable for presents. Sample
orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

Fastest Trains in the World—On the New York Central.

What Are Club Cocktails?



"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.
Hartford, Conn. London.

39 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



BARBER SHOP

When you see that sign on a barber shop "Williams' Shaving Soap used here," you need not hesitate to enter. You may be sure of a good, clean, comforting refreshing shave. Above all, you are safe from the dangers which lurk in cheap, inferior shaving soaps.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS are used by all first-class barbers and are for sale all over the world.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

Depots: London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.



C. J. Taylor

LIQUID MEASURE.

INVESTOR.—And how do you sell this land?
REAL ESTATE MAN.—By the foot, of course. Why?
INVESTOR.—I thought perhaps you sold it by the gallon.


Feed the famished blood with the blood's best food. The Original Angostura Bitters—Abbott's—the only Original Angostura Bitters made—at druggists.

HIS FOREBODING.

"What a stupendous undertaking this isthmian canal is!" exclaimed the admiring friend.

"Yes," answered the practical engineer. "It won't be much of a trick to dig it; but getting the preliminary arrangements all settled will be something colossal!"—*Washington Star*.

THE BIBULOUS MAN (glancing in his mirror before retiring).—Tha's the fir's time—hic!—I ever knew I was twins.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
"IF I HAD ONLY KNOWN OF THIS YEARS AGO"
ED. PINAUD'S EAU DE QUININE
PRESERVES THE HAIR—CLEANSSES THE SCALP—AND KEEPS IT FREE FROM DANDRUFF—FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.

I AM NOT Talking through my Hat



IN CLAIMING THE SUPERIORITY OF **Hawes HATS**

Hawes Hats have two forms of superiority—
STYLE—PRICE.
Style means fit and finish—it is the best. Price is \$3.00—the lowest.
For sale by all live dealers. If not to be had in your town drop us a postal and we will fix you out.

HAWES HAT COMPANY,
BROADWAY, Cor. Howard, 13th or 30th Sts. NEW YORK.

CHANGE.

"More innovation!" exclaimed the old Spanish resident of the Philippines. "What's the matter now?"

"These people want us to do business with the Australian ballot instead of the Mauser bullet."—*Washington Star*.

EVERY woman's magazine contains advice on how to choose a husband on mental, moral and physical grounds; and every girl who is engaged to the first man who asked her, believes she followed the advice to the letter.—*Atchison Globe*.

CHANGEABLE WEATHER.

MAINE MAN (finishing a story).—Yes, sir; I killed that bear with nothin' but this little jackknife! Guess you never hed a tussle with a bear, did ye?

NEW YORK LIAR.—Oh, yes! I was out fishing one day on Staten Island when a big bear made a rush for me and knocked the pole from my hand, leaving me without even that means of defense. Well, sir, I grabbed that bear, threw him down, and held him there until he froze to death!

MAINE MAN (gasping).—I might 'a' done that many a time myself, but the weather up our way don't change so quick as it does here.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

After-theatre thought: A lunch with a bottle of Cook's Imperial Champagne, extra dry, then sleep.

BUNNER'S Short Stories

SHORT SIXES. Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. By H. C. BUNNER, Late Editor of PUCK. Illustrated by C. J. TAYLOR, F. OPPER, and S. B. GRIFFIN.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS. A Story of Small Stories. By H. C. BUNNER. Illustrated by C. J. TAYLOR.

MADE IN FRANCE. French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. By H. C. BUNNER. Illustrated by C. J. TAYLOR.

MORE SHORT SIXES. By H. C. BUNNER. Illustrated by C. J. TAYLOR.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE. Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life. By H. C. BUNNER. Illustrated by C. J. TAYLOR.

Five volumes in paper - \$2.50
Five volumes in cloth - 5.00

or separately as follows:

Per volume, in paper, \$0.50
" " " cloth, 1.00

For sale by all booksellers, or from the publishers on receipt of price.

Address, PUCK, N. Y.

The up-to-date man smokes the
GENERAL ARTHUR CIGAR.

It is a thoroughly up-to-date cigar. It pleases more critical smokers, pleases them better, and keeps them pleased longer than any other cigar made. It is the result of years of the widest experience, of years of earnest striving after cigar perfection.

Just the right filler, just the right wrapper, just the right manipulation by the best cigar makers in America, produces the perfect cigar—the famous GENERAL ARTHUR.

We urge you to try it because we know that if you do so one more name will be added to the world-wide list of its steadfast and enthusiastic friends.

If your dealer does n't sell it, send us \$1.00 and we will send you, express prepaid, a dozen GENERAL ARTHURS, packed in a tin box.

Kerbs, Wertheim & Schiffer,
New York.

Send us a two-cent stamp for a novel and striking little folder.



FORGOT HIMSELF.

AMERICAN HEIRESS. — Gracious! My hair is coming down. Won't you please push that bunch back into its place and hold it while I fasten it?

COUNT DE LA FAYETTE MONT MORENCY. — Certainmong, Mess. Dair, eet ess fineesh. Next! — *New York Weekly.*

A MAN tells a girl that she is pretty, and forgets it in five minutes; the remembrance still warms her heart when she hears his name when she is sixty. — *Atchison Globe.*

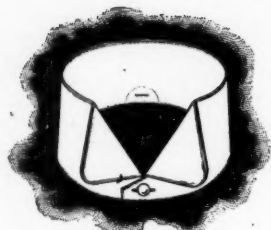
Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer and invigorator, is used over the world. Beware of imitations.

**Arnold
Constable & Co.**
Cloths.

Faced Cloths in New Spring Shades.
Scotch and Irish Suitings, Cycle
and Golf Cloths,
Meltons and Venetians.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

ARROW BRAND 2 FOR 25¢



"INADA"

A Swell Business Collar

CLUETT, PEABODY & Co.
MAKERS

A NEW play entitled "That Man," naturally is managed by a woman. — *Norristown Herald.*

Our Patent Covers for Filing Puck are
SIMPLE, STRONG and EASILY used.

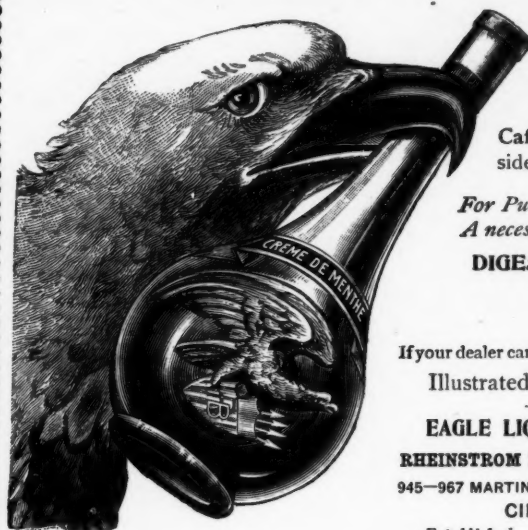
They preserve the copies in perfect shape.
Price, 75 cents each; by mail, \$1.00.
United States Postage Stamps taken.
Address: Puck, 39 East Houston St., N. Y.

GENUINE GUYOT SUSPENDERS

Combine comfort and durability. Over two million pairs sold annually. For sale everywhere; or sample pair sent, postpaid, on receipt of fifty cents.
OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

EAGLE LIQUEURS

THE ONLY TRULY AMERICAN PRODUCTION.



"An after Dinner Liqueur of Superior Excellence."

To be found at leading Cafes, Clubs, and on private sideboards everywhere.

For Punches, Cocktails, Sherbets. A necessary Culinary Assistant.

DIGESTIVE, NUTRITIVE, SEDATIVE.

If your dealer can not supply you, write to us for Illustrated Booklet and Prices.

EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES, RHEINSTROM BROS., Distillers and Exporters,
945-967 MARTIN ST., 946-966 E. FRONT ST., CINCINNATI, O.

Established, 1876.



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEPLER & SCHWARZMAN

A DIFFICULT CASE.

SAM. — Now, dere wuz Bill Johnson got cotched stealin' chickings Tuesday night. He wuz to a fortune teller on Monday an' she nebber tole him what wuz gwine ter happen.

PETE. — Well, ef she tole him, he would n't hab stole de chickings, an' he would n't been cotched, an' he 'd t'ink she wuz er fraud, anyhow.

THE Keeley Cure **WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.**
Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using

Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the KEELEY INSTITUTE, White Plains, N. Y., or 358 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHEN a man is very anxious to explain that his conduct is all right, depend on it that he is a little suspicious of himself. — *Ram's Horn.*

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE,
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

EVERYBODY is damning the man that damned the man that damned the beef. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

IF YOU'RE A PIPE SMOKER
TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THAT GOLDEN SCEPTRE IS PERFECTION.
 We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. Catalog free.
SURBRUG
 204 B'way N.Y. City Eve. Post Bldg.



GO TO EUROPE
 THIS YEAR and avoid the crowd

of 1900. **COOK'S PARTIES**
 leave New York at convenient intervals during the season, covering all Routes and Resorts from the Mediterranean to the North Cape. Rates from \$275 to \$955, including All Traveling Expenses. Independent tickets everywhere. Programmes, etc., free from
THOS. COOK & SON,
 261 and 1225 Broadway, N. Y.
 Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago.

EVERY woman has a vague idea that all her husband does every day is to open his office, read, smoke, and count his money.—*Atchison Globe.*

AN OPINION INDORSED.

"I am not one of those," said the enthusiastic young man, "who believe that the old sentiments are dying out. I believe that the present is developing into a race of patriots."

"No question about it," replied Senator Sorghum, with hearty approval. "And we've seen some hard finishes in the last few campaigns."—*Washington Star.*

SOCIAL ASPIRATIONS.

JINKS.—That fellow, Winkers, is trying to get into the Four Hundred, is n't he?

BINKS.—I don't know. Why do you think so?

JINKS.—He has given up business, and has begun living on his wife's money.—*New York Weekly.*

EDITOR.—Why don't you finish that obituary?

REPORTER.—It is finished.

EDITOR.—It is, eh? Then how is it I can't find anywhere in it that "the services were solemn and impressive?"—*Roxbury Gazette.*

WHEN a girl graduates, she has an ambition to show the world what a Noble Woman, with a High Purpose in Life can do; but she meets a man and marries him, and soon begins to get that funny look in her eyes.—*Atchison Globe.*

FIRST CLERK.—I got a raise this afternoon!

SECOND CLERK.—Is that so?

FIRST CLERK.—Yes; I have a soft thing, now. Bought a pair of heel cushions to put in my shoes to raise me up!

THE POET'S WIFE.—Why do they say the pen is mightier than the sword?

THE POET.—I'm sure I don't know. That sword-swallower on the next floor seems pretty well fixed, while I have n't a bite to eat in the house.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

By the

KODAK SYSTEM

of film photography the instrument loads and unloads in broad daylight.

The film is put up in cartridge form and is perfectly protected from light by a strip of black paper extending the full length of the film and several inches beyond each end.

To load: simply insert this cartridge in the Kodak; thread up the black paper; close the camera and give the key a few turns, thus bringing the film into position.

The picture taking may then begin. The roll of a dozen exposures being completed the black paper covers all, and the cartridge can be removed as easily as it was inserted.

Film Cartridges weigh ounces where plates weigh pounds and are non-breakable. All Kodaks use light-proof film cartridges and load in daylight.

Kodaks \$5.00 to \$35.00.

Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
 Rochester, N. Y.



FILM CARTRIDGE.

HE.—What are you two girls talking about?

SHE.—Nothing; are your ears burning?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

TALEBEARERS furnish the fuel for the fire of strife.—*Ram's Horn.*



HIS PREFERENCE.

CHOLLY.—Charming widow, is n't she? They say she is to marry again.

ALGY.—I would n't want to be a widow's second husband.

CHOLLY.—Well, I'd rather be a widow's second husband than her first husband, doncherknow.

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

IN MEMORY OF OTHER DAYS.

TOMMY.—Mama, why have you got Papa's hair in a locket?

HIS MOTHER.—To remind me that he once had some, Tommy.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

HIGGLE.—Which of the actors in the play impressed you most favorably?

BLOOZIN.—Winderly.

HIGGLE.—Why?

BLOOZIN.—He gave me two tickets for the show.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

If you are open to conviction, let us send you one box of fifty

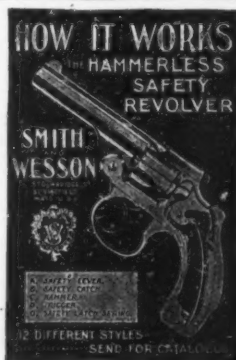
BETWEEN THE ACTS LITTLE CIGARS

to smoke—when you want a short smoke and haven't time for a long one. They are real cigars, but small ones.

They cost so little—only 10c. for 10—that you can try them as well as not. They are for sale anywhere, or we will deliver 50 at your office, club or home for 50 cents.

American Tobacco Co.,
 507-529 W. 22d St., New-York City.

SMITH & WESSON
 8 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.



REVOLVERS

Your Health

demand bicycle riding; but the greatest pleasure and benefit will only come if you ride the

Waverley Bicycle \$40

Built so that it rarely gives trouble.

Catalogue gives particulars.—Write for it.
Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

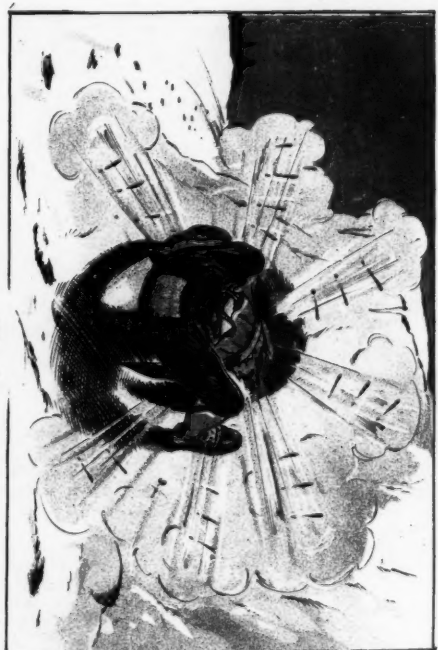
METAL POLISH.—Safe, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 50c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.



I.
BRUIN.—That venerable lout seemeth full of good cheer. Perchance he may be of a riotous inclination; 't would be well that I secrete myself till he pass by.



II.
"JUG-JAW" JOTNAK.—Though I have imbibed but half of this pleasing beverage I feel most twisted and shall set aside the remainder in this hole for the morrow. "Sufficient unto the day," etc.



III.
/As BRUIN makes known his presence/—"Holy Plymouth Rock! This place seemeth already as full as I."



IV.
"Now, this is strange, indeed! Can the awful experience that I have just had be purely imaginary? I will retire and await developments."



V.
BRUIN.—Why hasten, friend? Dost know that thou hast left thy hat, jug, and a goodly portion of thy coat? I wished but to defend myself against intrusion.



VI.
"T is evident he meant to present me with these things. I will try the contents of the jug."



VII.
"A-h-h-h!!! That has a warming effect this wintry eve! It is, indeed, hot stuff!"



VIII.
"I wonder would he fill that jug again? He appeared to await my thanks; I will show him my appreciation."



IX.
"JUG-JAW" JOTNAK (who deriveth no thanks).—"It must be that I have them again, though I prefer the serpentine form; but from this time forth I'll have none of them! Away, for a pledge to sign!"